

Thence both transfus'd in Kingsland's Waves agree
And jointly form a spacious Range of Sea.
Here outward Breezes, which guardian Bands guide
Expect the eastern Winds and helping Tides.
Here the swift Sailors of the trading Seas
Import in quick Returns the World's Stores
Flourish Wines, and Swags of various Gold
Yamick's Growth, or Jewels Golden dross
And may the nimble Commerce flow the Main
In great Success, and wealthy Commerce gain
As long as Winds and Waves in liquid Ligaments reign
Two (a) Island Rocks of different Form below
In wildest Folds a frightful Grandeur show
Hence Neptune's Tides a widening Scope define
And spread a copious Flood for roving Males
But Bristol's Water further lands
What bounds the River's way, the Port ends



(a) Sheep and Sea Island

F I N I S

A
L E T T E R
T O A
L A D Y,

Occasion'd by the

Arrival of Her Royal Highness
T H E
P R I N C E S S of *WALES*.

3
Caroline Wilhelmina, Queen Consort, etc.

THE GREAT

TO A

ROYAL



Arrival of Her Royal Highness

THE

PRINCESS OF WALES

A
LETTER

TO A

LADY,

Occasion'd by the

Arrival of Her Royal Highness

THE

PRINCESS of WALES.

*Nam si Virgilio puer, & tolerabile desit
Hospitium, caderent omnes a crinibus Hydri.*

Juvenal.

THE SECOND EDITION.

LONDON,

Printed for BERNARD LINTOTT at the Cross-Keys,
between the Two Temple-Gates in Fleetstreet. 1714.

LETTER

TO A

LADY

Occasion'd by the

Arrival of Her Royal Highness

THE

PRINCESS OF WALES



Nam se Virgilio per
Hospitium, cadent omnes a criminibus Hybris

Juvenc.

The Second Edition

LONDON

Printed for BERNARD LINTOTT at the Gun-Shop,
between the Two Temple-Gates in Fleet-Street. 1714.

L E T T E R

TO A
L A D Y,

Occasion'd by the
Arrival of Her Royal Highness

T H E
P R I N C E S S of W A L E S.

M A D A M, to all your Censures I submit,
 And frankly own I should long since have writ :
 You told me, Silence would be thought a Crime,
 And kindly strove to tease me into Rhyme :
 No more let trifling Themes your Muse employ,
 Nor lavish Verse to paint a female Toy ;
 No more on Plains with rural Damsels sport,
 But sing the Glories of the *British* Court.

By your Commands and Inclination sway'd,
 I call'd th'unwilling Muses to my Aid;
 Resolv'd to write, the Noble Theme I chose,
 And to the PRINCESS thus the Poem rose.

MUSE, fly the Shades, the Sylvan Song forbear,
 And pipe no more to please the Shepherd's Ear.
 Aid me, bright Phoebus, aid, ye Sacred Nine,
 Exalt my Genius, and my Verse refine.
 Accept, Illustrious Fair, my grateful Song;
 To you my Duty and my Lays belong:
 My Strains with CAROLINA's Name I grace,
 The Lovely Parent of our Royal Race.
 Breathe soft, ye Winds, ye Waves in silence sleep;
 Let prosp'rous Breezes wanton o'er the Deep,
 Just swell the Sails, and with the Streamers play,
 To waft her gently o'er the watry Way.

Here I to Neptune form'd a pompous Pray'r,
 To rein the Winds, and guard the Royal Fair;
 Bid the blue Tritons found their twisted Shells,
 And call'd the Nereids from their pearly Cells.

Thus my warm Zeal had drawn the Muse along,
 Yet knew no Method to conduct her Song:

I then resolv'd some Model to pursue,
 Perus'd *French* Criticks, and began anew.
 Long open Panegyrick drags at best,
 And Praise is only Praise when well address'd.

Strait, *Horace* for some lucky Ode I sought,
 And all along I trac'd him Thought by Thought:
 This new Performance to a Friend I show'd;
 For shame, says he, what, imitate an Ode!
 I'd rather Ballads write, and *Grubstreet* Lays,
 Than pillage *Cæsar* for my Patron's Praise:
 One common Fate all Imitators share,
 To save Mince-Pyes, and cap the Grocer's Ware.
 Vex'd at the Charge, I to the flames commit
 Rhymes, Similes, Lords Names, and Ends of Wit;
 In blotted Stanza's Scraps of Odes expire,
 And Fustian mounts in Pyramids of Fire.

LADIES, to you I next inscrib'd my Lay,
 And writ a Letter in familiar Way:
 For still impatient till the Princess came,
 You from Description wish'd to know the Dame.
 Each Day my pleasing Labour larger grew,
 For still new Graces open'd to my View.
 Twelve Lines ran on to introduce the Theme,
 And then I thus pursu'd the growing Scheme.

BEAUTY and Wit were sure by Nature join'd,
 And Charms are Emanations of the Mind;
 The Soul transpiercing through the shining Frame,
 Forms all the Graces of the Princely Dame:
 Benevolence her Conversation guides,
 Smiles on her Cheek, and in her Eyes resides.
 Such Harmony upon her Tongue is found,
 As softens English to Italian Sound:
 Yet in those Sounds such Sentiments appear,
 As charm the Judgment while they sooth the Ear.

Such pure Religion in her Bosom reign'd,
 For that, Imperial Crowns she once disdain'd;
 The chearful Flame her Heart with Transport warms,
 Calms all her Hours, and brightens all her Charms.
 Henceforth, ye Fair, at Chappel mind your Pray'rs,
 Nor catch your Lovers Eyes with artful Airs;
 Restrain your Looks, kneel more, and whisper less,
 Nor most devoutly criticize on Dress.

From Her form all your Characters of Life,
 The tender Mother, and the faithful Wife.
 Oft have I seen her little Infant Train,
 The lovely Promise of a future Reign;

Observ'd

Observ'd with pleasure ev'ry dawning Grace,
 And all the Mother op'ning in their Face :
 The Son shall add new Honours to the Line,
 And early with Paternal Vertues shine.
 When he the Tale of Audenard repeats,
 His little Heart with Emulation beats ;
 With Conquests yet to come his Bosom glows,
 He dreams of Triumphs and of vanquish'd Foes.
 Each Year with Arts shall store his rip'ning Brain,
 And from his Grandfire he shall learn to reign.

Thus far I'd gone : The Wind with prosp'rous Gales
 Now bids the Sailor hoist the swelling Sails.
 Fair CAROLINA lands, the Cannons Sound
 White Albion's Cliffs from shore to shore rebound.
 Behold the bright Original appear,
 All Praise is faint when CAROLINA's near.
 Thus to the Nation's Joy, but Poet's Cost,
 The Princess came, and my new Plan was lost.

Since all my Schemes were baulk'd, my last Resort,
 I left the Muses to frequent the Court ;
 Pensive, each Night from Room to Room I walk'd,
 To one I bow'd, and with another talk'd ;
 Enquir'd what News, or such a Lady's Name,
 And did the next day, and the next, the same.

Places, I found, were daily giv'n away,
 And yet no friendly Gazette mention'd *Gay*.
 I ask'd a Friend what Method to pursue,
 He cry'd, I want a Place as well as you.
 Another ask'd me, why I had not writ :
 A Poet owes his Fortune to his Wit.
 Strait I reply'd, With what a courtly Grace
 Flows easy Verse from him that has a Place !
 Had *Virgil* ne'er at Court improv'd his Strains,
 He still had sung of Flocks and homely Swains ;
 And had not *Horace* sweet Preferment found,
 The *Roman* Lyre had never learnt to sound.

Once Ladies fair in homely Guise I sung,
 And with their Names wild Woods and Mountains rung.
 Oh, teach me now to strike a softer Strain !
 The Court refines the Language of the Plain.

You must, cries one, the Ministry rehearse,
 And with each Patriot's Name prolong your Verse.
 But sure this Truth to Poets should be known,
 That praising all alike, is praising none.

Another told me, if I wish'd Success,
 To some distinguish'd Lord I must address ;

One whose high Virtues speak his noble Blood,
 One always zealous for his Country's Good;
 Where Valour and strong Eloquence unite,
 In Council cautious, resolute in Fight;
 Whose gen'rous Temper prompts him to defend,
 And patronize the Man that wants a Friend.
 You have, 'tis true, the noble Patron shown,
 But I, alas! am to *Argyle* unknown.

Still ev'ry one I met in this agreed,
 That Writing was my Method to succeed;
 But now Preferments so possess'd my Brain,
 That scarce I could produce a single Strain:
 Indeed I sometimes hammer'd out a Line,
 Without Connection as without Design.
 One Morn upon the Princess this I writ,
 An Epigram that boasts more Truth than Wit.

*The Pomp of Titles easy Faith might shake,
 She scorn'd an Empire for Religion's sake:
 For this, on Earth the British Crown is giv'n,
 And an Immortal Crown decreed in Heav'n.*

Again, while *GEORGE*'s Virtues rais'd my Thought,
 The following Lines prophetick Fancy wrought.